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THE modern school of historians has established the principle that the study of history consists in the careful examination and appreciation of documents, and not in the putting of old material into a new shape or in the application of new ideas to the received version of historical events. The present age is distinguished by the publication of vast quantities of historical material, either *in extenso* or in the form of calendars of special collections or special periods. Hitherto the history of the English in India has fared even worse than the rest of English history. A small quantity—a very small quantity—of printed matter, chiefly Blue Books and State Papers, has been worked up over and over again into a fantastical account of the history of the English conquest and administration. Even accredited writers have felt no shame in thus confessing either their ignorance of unpublished sources or their incapacity for original research. Quite recently, however, an attempt has been made by men like Sir George Birdwood, Mr. Forrest, and Mr. Noel Sainsbury to reveal the wealth of unexplored material which lies hidden in the India Office, in the Record Office, and in India itself. Mr. W. H. Hutton, in the preface to his volume on Lord Wellesley in the "Rulers of India" series, has shown what stores of unknown information exist for the period of the government of a man whose administration is believed to have been exhaustively studied. Before any substantial work can be done on Indian history, it is of primary importance that some attempt should be made to draw up a scientific account of the *sources historiques* on the history of the English in India. In the India Office itself some small progress has been made in arranging the records; but as Mr. Forrest's various volumes have shown, documents of the highest value still remain in India unknown and inaccessible to English students. Any attempt to bring to light the nature and extent of this hoarded wealth of documents does service to the cause of Indian history and of history in general. In that way alone can the conventional school, which simply hashes up old ideas in new words, be shamed, and the old errors be decisively refuted. It has been said that each generation must be forced to re-write the history of the past in

the light of its own views of the relative importance of events; but future historians will, if the new scientific school flourishes, at least have the advantage of building on a stable basis of ascertained fact, instead of on the unsound and theoretical conceptions bequeathed by the race of rhetoricians who cultivated elegance of style rather than historic truth.

It is with real pleasure, then, that all students will welcome Sir W. W. Hunter's enlistment under the banner of scientific history, and will greet his re-appearance after a lapse of years as an original worker in this field of research. In the early days of his service Sir W. W. Hunter was permitted to examine the records preserved in the various district offices in the Lower Provinces, and the result of his researches appeared in his first two books—*The Annals of Rural Bengal* and *Orissa*; and in his *Statistical Account of Bengal*. He had therefore acquired a certain facility in dealing with documents, and in knowing what to look for in them, when he undertook the task of going through, with the aid of assistants, the mass of papers accumulated by the Bengal Board of Revenue during the first half century of its existence, from 1782 to 1832. These records comprise 21,509 folio volumes and bundles of manuscripts. Careful note was taken of some 17,000 letters illustrative of the British district administration between 1782 and 1812, and a kind of calendar drawn up summarising their contents. The first 14,136 letters, running from 1782 to 1807, as thus calendared and summarised, are now published, with a preliminary dissertation and an analytical index. It is idle here to point out the exceptional value which such a work must have, as giving material for an authentic account of the condition of Bengal during the most critical period of its administrative history. Hitherto the only evidence extant on this point has been contained in the descriptions of English travellers, in supplements to State Papers, and in quotations from semi-legal works written in support of or in opposition to the Permanent Settlement. In this calendar the evidence given is not only larger in quantity and more systematically arranged, but is also unbiased by partisan considerations and perfectly impartial as to locality and subject. It is impossible to review adequately a calendar of documents of this nature: a series of quotations might indeed illustrate the vast variety of topics embraced, but could not cover a tenth part of their range. It will be more suitable, then, to turn at once to Sir W. W. Hunter's preliminary dissertation, and see to what conclusions his examination of the documents leads him. And this is the more necessary, since the summary of documents printed must have taught the author far more than a casual student would learn; for each letter has been selected by himself as specially typical of others, and its general connotation must be familiar to him.

Naturally enough Sir W. W. Hunter makes the Permanent Settlement of Bengal the central theme of his dissertation. It is the one distinguishing feature of the administration of Bengal to the present

day, and has been and is the subject of perpetual and bitter controversy. It is one of the most far-reaching acts of the British Government in the East; and both its causes and its results demand the most careful and temperate examination, alike from historical students and from Anglo-Indian officials. The Permanent Settlement was promulgated by Lord Cornwallis in 1793, almost midway between the dates over which Sir W. W. Hunter's selection of records extends; and the main subjects of his dissertation are its immediate causes and its immediate results. The motives which led the Court of Directors to order, and Lord Cornwallis to draw up, the Permanent Settlement are exhaustively treated. An accurate account is given of the various administrative experiments made by the East India Company's servants in Bengal between the grant of the Diwani, or revenue management of the province, to the Company in 1765, and the arrival of Lord Cornwallis in 1786. Those who condemn the Governor-General and his masters, the Honourable Court, must be unaware of the numerous expedients tried in Bengal before the Permanent Settlement to extract an adequate revenue without oppressing the cultivators. Administration by native agency under native control, by native agency under European control, by European local officers with the title of Supervisors, by native agency under six provincial councils of European civil servants, and by native agency under European local officers, known as Collectors, controlled by the Board of Revenue at Calcutta, was tried and failed; settlements of the land revenue for five years and for single years and on leases, made with the former Zamindars and with the highest bidders at auction, were tried and failed. It was with reluctance, rather than with undue haste, that the Court of Directors adopted the idea of making a permanent arrangement for the collection of the land revenue of Bengal; and they only acted under a belief justified by the failure of all previous experiments, and forced upon them by the economic condition of the province. Much obloquy has been cast upon Lord Cornwallis and the Court of Directors for their action in this matter. They made their resolution, as Sir W. W. Hunter proves up to the hilt, not in imitation of the English system of holding landed property, not with the idea of creating an aristocratic class of landlords, not with their eyes shut to the fact that they were sacrificing any future increase of revenue, not with undue haste or in violation of native customs, but after mature deliberation and careful examination of the condition of the province. It is no small gain to the student of Indian history to get rid of the false allegations of Mill, and stand at last on firm ground as to the origin and causes of the Permanent Settlement. Yet the Permanent Settlement did not prove at once, and has not proved since, a blessing to the people of Bengal. This was not the fault of Lord Cornwallis or of the Court of Directors. They acted on the evidence before them, and with the views of history and political economy which obtained at the time; and their well-intentioned measure

brought about utterly unexpected results. It is to this feature of the Permanent Settlement that Sir W. W. Hunter devotes the greater part of his dissertation. He carefully describes the varied character and diverse rights of the different classes of the Zamindars who, by the declaration of the Permanent Settlement, were placed between the cultivator and the State. It has long been known that the Zamindars of Bengal owe their position to different circumstances. Some were the descendants of ancient ruling houses, others were mere tax-gatherers and farmers of the revenue; and between the two extremes ranged the many varieties partaking of both characters. Their status was equally diverse, and to European ideas terribly complicated, since it was made up in varying degrees of two distinct elements. Sir W. W. Hunter points out the confusion with admirable lucidity:

"It is this double title, by *sanad* and by custom, which explains the anomalies so puzzling to British legislators in the last century, and which lies at the root of much debate in the law-courts of Bengal during the present one" (vol. i., p. 42).

After analysing the status of the landholders previous to the Permanent Settlement, Sir W. W. Hunter examines the status of the cultivators; and he shows how thoroughly the English administrators in Bengal understood the proprietary rights of the tillers of the soil, and how they endeavoured to safeguard them.

After noticing the reasons which induced Lord Cornwallis to declare the Settlement permanent, with the approbation of the Court of Directors, Sir W. W. Hunter goes on to show how the Settlement ruined hundreds of the landholders and failed to protect the cultivators. Never has the sudden substitution of a basis of contract for a basis of custom in the tenure of land been more strikingly illustrated. The effect of the sweeping away of feudal rights in France by the Revolution, and in Prussia by the legislation of Stein and Hardenberg, did not produce a tithe of the confusion which showed itself in Bengal. Lord Cornwallis and the Court of Directors intended to act generously towards the Zamindars, most of whom, as Sir W. W. Hunter shows, were speedily ruined by the very measures designed to benefit them, while the cultivators who refused, in their belief in the sanctity of their customary rights, to accept leases embodying them became mere rack-rented tenants at will. The recovery of the province from the devastation wrought by the great famine of 1770 was so rapid and complete that the economic conditions prevailing in 1793 were speedily altered. Land was at a premium instead of cultivators, with strange results to the State, the Zamindars, and the villagers themselves. Only by a right understanding of the causes and immediate effect of the Permanent Settlement can the land legislation and the Bengal Tenancy Acts, which commenced in 1859, be really understood.

The summary of Sir W. W. Hunter's conclusions, and the description of the contents of his calendar of documents which has just been given, indicate the value of

this last work of the author of the *Annals of Rural Bengal* to the historical student, the political economist, the politician, and the administrator. But there is one impression forced upon the mind of the thoughtful reader which can hardly be transmuted into words—a sense of the hopelessness of any effort to apply our Western ideas and conceptions to Eastern conditions, a feeling of the utter futility of dealing, even with the calmest deliberation, on European lines with Asiatic populations, and a despairing consciousness that the best-intentioned Englishman may unwittingly impoverish the people of India.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life. By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. (Isbister.)

FEW things are more indicative of the passage of time than the fact that critics are, at last, beginning to speak calmly and dispassionately of Tennyson's work. In our first appreciation of the loss which literature had sustained in the death of the late Laureate, it was impossible for judgment to be absolutely sane and balanced. It would have done but little honour to the heart of a critic that his head should have been cool, his outlook unclouded, at the moment when contemporary poetry was suddenly deprived of its central figure. And so the first eulogies which followed Tennyson's death were, perhaps, a little too enthusiastic, something too loyal, and wanting in discrimination. With the passage of time, however, the temperament of the critic changes: the loss is no longer so close to us, the personal sentiment is fading, the opportunities for judgment increase. There is a certain class of genius whose personal charm to its admirers is so insistent that it requires the lapse of many years before criticism can be brought to bear calmly upon its production. It took long to assign to Byron his proper place upon the roll of literature; the radiant personality of Shelley blinds us still to some of the shortcomings of his greatness. But the individual influence of a life so secluded, so little shared with his contemporaries, as that of Tennyson passes with no long delay. It is but little more than eighteen months since he died; and already we have, in Mr. Stopford Brooke's intimate and scholarly study of his work, a more judicial and acute estimate of his powers than could, in the nature of things, have been produced within many years of the death of a poet who had mixed more fully with the world.

There have been many books about Tennyson during the last year and a half, presenting him to the public from many points of view; but it can scarcely be questioned that, so far as a critical commentary upon his work is concerned, none of these volumes approaches Mr. Brooke's in lucidity and acumen. It is not, I think, going too far to say that this book comes within measurable distance of being the perfect study of Tennyson's work. It is probable that, in the case of a talent so various as Tennyson's, it would be an impossibility to find a critic who should be

in sympathy with every side of the work, or able to do full justice to every mood of the poet. If Mr. Brooke has failed to understand the Tennyson of "Maud," and has treated with disproportionate seriousness the light-hearted medley of "The Princess," the failure, one feels, is only due to the natural limitations of a taste which has given us as wise and sympathetic an analysis of "In Memoriam" as ever was printed, and a chapter on the "Idylls of the King" which every student of Tennyson will read with admiration. If, then, anything said in these brief remarks may seem to depreciate Mr. Brooke's well-deserved success, it is only that the book is so near to being the perfectly satisfying study of its subject, that one finds oneself obliged to confess regretfully that there *are* points in which the author seems scarcely to have caught the spirit of his original. But it should be understood at once that such instances are very few, and that the book in its entirety will greatly enhance Mr. Brooke's already high reputation as a thinker and a critic.

To be exact, then, it seems to me that Mr. Brooke's volume has certain failings, and these the failings of his qualities. The excellences are sufficiently marked; a clear, scholarly vision, a tincture of philosophy, an ear for rhythm, a tendency to contemplation. The failings correspond. They consist, I think, in a somewhat dogmatic, academic method, an inclination to inquire too curiously into the meaning of things, a want of appreciation for dramatic movement, and an undue affection for the calmer aspects of Tennyson's muse. It may be well to run over the ground lightly with these considerations in view.

Mr. Brooke, I have said, is too dogmatic. The fault is one of oratory, and Mr. Brooke, we all know, is gifted with unusual eloquence. The ready speaker acquires a knack of forcing his point home with too little consideration for the arguments which may be brought to bear against him. For the rough and ready methods of platform or pulpit oratory this habit is well enough; but it is altogether at variance with the temperament of the critic. He must give reasons for his judgment; he must face the contrary opinion: the statement of the unsupported view is insufficient. But, after two very careful studies of Mr. Brooke's volume from start to finish, I can find but one place in which he admits the chances of his own fallibility. "Moreover, the criticism may be all wrong," he says, of his reflections upon "Maud." "When we approach a great poet's work our proper position is humility." This is well said; but it is not the keynote of the book. Throughout the greater part of the criticism, there is a tendency to draw the conclusion first, and then to force the premises to illustrate that conclusion—a tendency which occasionally leads Mr. Brooke considerably astray. But let me take an instance or two. He observes that Tennyson has not succeeded conspicuously in his attempts at portraying sensuous passion. So keen a student as Mr. Brooke is presumably aware that Tennyson's friends—FitzGerald among the number—and his publishers in particular were con-

tinually apprehensive of the insertion of anything of an erotic character among his work. Mr. Brooke must know of cancelled passages in "Tristram and Iseult" and elsewhere, which prove that Tennyson had more of Vivien's fire in his muse than he deemed it prudent to manifest. But, setting corrected passages apart, it is surely an error in judgment—a *petitio principii*—to assert that "Fatima," one of the most passionate poems in the language, is "a great failure." And what of the farewell of Launcelot and Guinevere? Surely art needs no more fire than this. But Mr. Brooke has made his generalisation, and so the instances have to conform to it. Again, Mr. Brooke observes that Tennyson, as an artist, is always best in describing English scenery. This criticism no one will question; but to enforce it, to make the point at all hazards, Mr. Brooke speaks slightly of the description of Enoch's tropic island, and of the varied and brilliant pictures of "The Daisy." To establish one's argument in this fashion is, I submit, to be dogmatic, and to lose touch for the moment with the truly critical attitude.

Mr. Brooke again, I think, is too careful to see the exact meaning and hidden import of every poem. A case in point is his treatment of "The Princess." Throughout his criticism of that poem, as it seems to me, he takes far too serious a view of what is confessedly a medley. And a single instance will suffice to show how this habit of attributing hidden meanings to Tennyson leads him into error.

"The Princess's favourite study," he says, "is the natural sciences. . . . The holiday-makers of the prologue are taught by facts; electricity, steam, hydraulics go hand in hand with the rustic sports."

Mr. Brooke, in other words, wants to establish a parallel between the village *foie* of the prologue and the college-course of the story. But as a matter of fact, Tennyson was simply describing, in that opening scene, a festival at which he was present at Maidstone Park in the summer of 1844. And in all probability no one would have been more surprised than himself at the implication which his account of the festivities was made to bear. This kind of criticism is too ingenious: it overleaps itself, and falls upon the other side.

And now to bring these remarks to a close. It seems to me that Mr. Brooke, in his admiration for the calm and speculative aspect of Tennyson's muse, overlooks the dramatic power and the dramatic significance of other poems, and those by no means the least remarkable of the late Laureate's contributions to literature. The dramas proper Mr. Brooke altogether neglects: or, to speak by the book, he dismissed them with a shrug of the shoulders. In this, I believe, he makes a mistake. It may be a question how far Mr. Brooke would have found the dramas of use in tracing Tennyson's "relation to modern life"; though even here I think he might have found a study of them valuable. But it is surely indisputable that no study of the poet's "Art" can afford to pass by

with disdain a form of work to which he devoted himself continually and strenuously throughout the greater part of the last fifteen years of his life. The dramas, in the mere matter of literary labour, bulk so largely in the collected edition of Tennyson, that it is something perilously like affectation to set them on one side in what claims to be a complete study of the work. But, be this as it may, Mr. Brooke has directed his attention towards the dramatic poems; and it is in his attitude towards them that one may find a reason for his neglect of the stage-plays. Mr. Brooke's cast of thought is less akin to dramatic poetry, I think, than to any other. Once more we find the old heresy about "Maud." Mr. Brooke, in common with so many of his predecessors, cannot leave the war-passages to their context, cannot regard them as the hysterical utterances of a weakly and overwrought brain, dramatically analysed: he must be finding some trace of Tennyson's own personality and individual view in the cry for bloodshed; and so he feels bound, even against his inclination, to raise the voice of depreciation. But it was to avoid this very kind of criticism that Tennyson, in the later editions of "Maud," labelled it "A Monodrama": the sub-title was designed to indicate that the whole attitude of the hero of "Maud" was a piece of objective art, altogether alien to any view or doctrine of the author himself. This Mr. Brooke appreciates when he comes to deal with "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"; but even here he drops a word of regret. "Many, like myself," he says, "will dislike its view about man and the future of man." As if a criticism of art had anything to do with a personal prejudice against the views of a character dramatically represented.

"Was it worth a poet's while," he adds, "to flood the world with all this wailing music, to depress mankind who is depressed enough, to picture so much ill and so little good, to fall into commonplace realism, to seem to make the querulous hopelessness of the character he draws the measure of the future of mankind? It was not worth a poet's while; and I wish, in spite of the excellence of the work, that he had not taken the subject at all."

On the whole, I think these words from Mr. Brooke's own volume exemplify, better than anything I could say by way of argument, the limitations of his criticism when he comes to apply it to dramatic poetry. To him ethics are so nearly related to art that he cannot separate the two sufficiently to discriminate between the vitally inartistic and the legitimately tragic in poetry. Gross realism, coarse photography, ignorant of a moral idea, is not only ethically but artistically insupportable: the delicate, reticent, yet faithful analysis of Tennyson never transgresses the limits of discretion and taste. To confuse these issues is to do the poet an unintentional wrong; and this slight lack of the dramatic instinct is, to my mind, the one serious shortcoming in Mr. Brooke's equipment. Lacking it, he has produced a conscientious and very valuable study of his poet; but, had he possessed it to the full, his book would have been still worthier. It might even have been final.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Count Cavour and Madame de Circourt. Some Unpublished Correspondence. Edited by Count Nigra. (Cassells.)

THE only fault to be found with these letters is that there are so few of them. They are admirable in themselves, and admirably translated by Mr. A. J. Butler; while Count Nigra's enthusiastic introduction, with its pathetic reminiscence of his adored friend and master, is especially delightful reading now that enthusiasm is out of fashion. The volume consists partly of letters from Cavour to Madame de Circourt and her husband, and partly of letters from them to Count Nigra. Slight as they are, they add more than one vivifying touch to the portrait of the statesman who, more than Victor Emmanuel, more than Mazzini, more than Garibaldi, deserves to be remembered as the creator of Italy. Every reader of Nassau Senior's *Conversations* will remember the Salon in the Rue des Saussaies, and the charming hostess to whose chair there was "a little lane known to the initiated," who, on the eve of the Crimean war, correctly forecast the result of Louis Napoleon's impudent letter to the Czar. The Countess was a Russian, née Anastasie Klustine, and she enjoyed the friendship of Cavour from 1836 down to his death. The privilege was also shared by her husband, Count Adolphe de Circourt, a member of one of the six noble families of Lorraine which alone survived the bloody deluge of the Revolution. He also is a principal interlocutor in the *Conversations*, a man of real knowledge, though lacking his wife's brilliant intuition. But Legitimist and aristocrat as he was, he had a heart open to every generous impulse, he "sophisticated no truth, allowed no fear." As for his wife, Sainte Beuve's judgment may be taken as final:

"The special characteristic of Mme. de Circourt's Salon was that intellect gave, as one may say, rights of citizenship there. No pre-conceived opinion, no prejudice stood in the way of this lady, pious as she was and firm in her beliefs, so soon as she perceived that she had to do with a sterling intellect and a man of talent. From whatever political shore one might come, on whatever philosophical dogma one might take one's stand, one met with friendship and sympathy beside that sofa on which she had for years been imprisoned by cruel sufferings dissembled under a kindly and gracious charm with a social art that nothing could alter."

Such were the people with whom, in 1836, young Cavour of the Sardinian Engineers, struck up a warm friendship which lasted down to the fatal Thursday in June, 1861, when he died, leaving "two things yet to do, Venice and Rome." Madame de Circourt survived her famous friend barely two years, and at her death bequeathed the precious legacy, as she called the letters, to Count Nigra. They have no great political importance, there is no startling revelation of character, no untying of historical knots. But one gets from them a better notion of Cavour's frank affectionate nature, of his companionableness, of his easy sociability. In 1836, after a visit to England, he wrote: "I knew that you were unwell and not strong,

and if I had thought that I could cheer or distract you I would have written you volumes. But how can one be lively or amusing when one is living in the middle of fogs and smoke, crushed under the weight of a heavy and ponderous intellectual atmosphere? In England one may discuss, but never chat; how could I have gone into discussions and dissertations with an invalid? I preferred to deprive myself of the pleasure of any intercourse with you rather than run the chance of boring you. People who are in pain are more sensitive to boredom, and I was afraid of adding to your suffering.

"I do not mean to say that England is not a country of immense intellectual resources. You can find there quite as many specialists and men of deep thought as anywhere else—perhaps more. Nowhere are certain branches of the moral sciences better cultivated, but there is one thing which you will seek there in vain; I mean that admirable union of science and wit, of depth and of kindness, of solidity and polish, which forms the charm of certain Parisian salons, a charm which one regrets all one's life when one has once made trials of them."

Sometimes, too, the letters are funny, as that in which, in a spirit of unusual Philistinism, he reproaches Lamartine for his intimacy with Georges Sand! Then, the expulsion of the Jesuits was a burning question in Piedmont, and Cavour strenuously endeavoured to convert Madame de Circourt to his view. She probably did not need much converting; for her husband (whose ideas she generally shared) regarded their educational influence as unfitting their pupils for public life, and heaped ridicule on his own aristocratic friends, "who do not believe in a God, but think it looks well to send their sons to a Jesuit":

"I wish," writes Cavour to the Countess, "I could take you for a moment into one of the colleges managed by the Jesuits in this country. They are less mischievous in France and Switzerland than with us. But why? Because in those countries which are not under their yoke they have to take precautions, to employ care in handling government and people. Being with us all-powerful, they can give free scope to their tendency and let the spirit of the Order develop itself. Woe to the country, woe to the class which shall entrust them with the education of its youth. The opinion that I express here is shared by the most distinguished among our clergy, and by the immense majority of sincere Catholics."

This was written in 1844, when Carlo Alberto was still saying that he lived between the daggers of the Carbonari and the chocolate of the Jesuits. It is natural, though regrettable, that in the most interesting years of all we have no letters—nothing in 1848 or 1849, or in 1851, either before or after the *coup d'état*. Yet in the whirl of the absorbing struggle, amid danger and distrust and difficulties innumerable, Cavour never forgets the delightful intimacy of the Rue des Saussaies:

"Political tempests," he writes in 1857, "make one feel more than ever the charm of intimacy with you, by the fireside, where one can forget one's most weighty preoccupations and surrender oneself to the delights of friendly and intelligent conversation."

The same letter is important as containing an unequivocal declaration that Piedmont

had nailed the flag of Italian unity to the mast.

"Since Providence has ordained that Piedmont alone in Italy should be free and independent, Piedmont must use her freedom and independence to plead before Europe the cause of the unhappy peninsula. We shall not shrink back from this perilous task. The king and the country are determined to carry it out to the end. If I go down, you, I feel sure, will not cast me out, but will grant me an asylum amid the defeated men of distinction who cluster round you. Do not interpret this outburst as a sign that war is imminent. Nothing is further from my thoughts. Take it solely as a declaration that all my strength, all my life, are consecrated to one task only—the emancipation of my country."

The Salons were dead against Cavour in 1860; but those who win can afford to smile, and he felt that, though the upper classes were against Italy the French people were for her. "I resign myself," he says with grim humour, "to seeing Italy saved in spite of the Parisian drawing-rooms." Perhaps the most important political piece in the volume is Cavour's last letter to de Circourt, written in April, 1861, nine weeks before the writer's death:

"The Temporal Power," he writes, "is dead, no one can revive it. The Pope needs other guarantees than foreign bayonets. Liberty alone can give him these; and that liberty we are ready to grant him. Sincere Catholics must recognise that he will be the gainer by the change. Please make the disciples of Father Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert read my speeches; adding that in Italy we wish for nothing better than to throw all Concordats into the fire, to repeal Leopoldine, Tannuccian, and all similar laws, to condemn the Tabbonian doctrines: in one word, to put in practice the separation of Church and State.

"This plan will raise immense difficulties for us; but we accept them beforehand, convinced as we are that, once the antagonism which has existed for centuries between the Temporal Power and the national spirit is at an end, the Pope and the Cardinals will gradually come under the influence of the liberal principles which prevail in Italy."

Alas! events have not worked to the end hoped for by Cavour. Nowadays it is no longer true as it was thirty, perhaps, twenty years ago, that the nation draws inspiration from his thought, and, whenever its resolution falters, has recourse, as to an oracle, to "that lofty and steadfast mind which made itself 'obeyed by all kinds of selfishness because disinterested, and by all prejudice because it was enlightened.'

REGINALD HUGHES.

NEW NOVELS.

In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwoods.)

"INDEPENDENT NOVEL SERIES."—*Time and the Player.* By Lewis Hainault. (Fisher Unwin.)

Winifred Mount. By Richard Pryce. In 2 vols. (Methuen.)

Tom Sawyer Abroad. By Mark Twain. (Chatto & Windus.)

"AUTONYM LIBRARY."—*The Upper Berth.* By F. Marion Crawford. (Fisher Unwin.)

Thorough. By Mary A. M. Marks. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

The Mystery of Clement Dunraven. By Jean Middlemass. In 3 vols. (Digby, Long & Co.)

"TAVISTOCK LIBRARY."—*Sir Joseph's Heir.* By Claude Bray. (Frederick Warne.)

Our Alma. By Henry Goldsmith. (Sonnenschein.)

A Dish of Matrimony. By Mme. Armand Caumont. (Elliot Stock.)

MISS HARRADEN'S new volume of stories shows a remarkable advance in her art since the publication of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. That earlier book was a little disappointing. The conception of it was full of promise, but it proved inadequate and inconclusive in the working out. The writer had not quite learned to measure her resources, or to produce the effect she was aiming at with a sure and practised hand. But she has profited by experience. I do not know when I have received more pleasure from a new story than that afforded me by "At the Green Dragon," which makes up a third of *In Varying Moods*. It is singularly complete, within the limits assigned by art to the short tale. The character of Hieronymus, the historian, his relations with Joan, the farmer's daughter, and her lover, the ex-ciseman, are treated with a freshness and a precision which makes all three very living figures in the memory. Hieronymus, in particular, is one of the most gracious and sympathetic people in modern fiction. His simplicity, his kindness, his deep humanity, all are admirably and tenderly indicated, without a superfluous page or line. Miss Harraden has her eye on the problems of personality; and her main theme is the influences of this elderly scholar, a little tired and full of the wisdom of life, upon a young and ardent girl with whom he is accidentally brought into contact. The story abounds with both pathos and humour. Indeed, the possession of humour sets Miss Harraden apart from the band of clever women, to whose bow and spear the English novel has of late become a captive. The Revolting Daughter has plenty of wit; but she is generally too much in a hurry, and too self-conscious and self-confident besides, to have much humour. To get that, you must suffer and fail and renounce a good deal, and learn to be tolerant and to take life leisurely and to expect very little of it, and a thousand other things which most people never attain to. But Miss Harraden has attained to them, and it is the better for her art. There are other good stories in the book, but there is nothing in them quite so good as Hieronymus. And one or two are rather thinner and less original than the rest.

The name of Mr. Lewis Hainault, which appears on the title-page of *Time and the Player*, is new to us; but if this is his first novel, he is distinctly to be congratulated on it. It is a study in the ironies of life, intensely analytical, psychological: perhaps one should say pathological. Paul Lefroy is a strong, self-reliant man, gifted with keen senses, and an ardour for the joys of

life. He is in haste to make money, in the City, and finds himself confronted with a possibility of bankruptcy. He braces himself for an effort, knowing fully that any undue exertion will probably mean a collapse of brain. Always the dread of insanity, traumatic primarily but complicated by hereditary tendencies, has hung like a shadow over his life. He pulls through, in spite of mental agonies, and is struck down in the moment of his triumph. That is all the story; but the interest lies in the vigour, the picturesqueness, the relentless introspection, with which the details and phases of his purgatory are worked out. It is cruel, but only because it evidently represents a conviction in the writer's mind that life is essentially cruel. Paul Lefroy has a pretty and childish wife, and the two are notable figures in Society. The tragedy is outlined against a background of the inanities and indecencies which make up modern London. Mr. Hainault's style is in harmony with his somewhat morbid theme. It is fantastic, overwrought, and yet in its way powerful. It is full of the highly-developed colour-sense that is so characteristic of a deliquescent art. It is insistent upon draperies and costumes, upon the tints of glass and flowers and complexions. Sometimes Mr. Hainault treats his colour-effects as *leit-motifs*, a device which in one form or another he often uses, not however without awkwardness: Lefroy's trick of twisting his neck in moments of emotion becomes annoying. There is a weakness in the dialogue; the characters talk irrelevantly in enigmatic phrases, to which you have to divine, or fail to divine, the key. It is like listening to a conversation in an actual drawing-room, and art is not an actual drawing-room. There are defects of taste, too; Rhoda Mushbrook should have been Paul's cousin, not his aunt. But when all is said, *Time and the Player* is a striking and interesting novelty in fiction. It is not much use prophesying a new writer's career until you see his second book, but I shall be glad to see Mr. Hainault's.

Mr. Richard Pryce's new novel is quite readable froth. Agatha Twine, Elsie Luttrell, and Winifred Mount, three school-companions at Proseville, are all drawn into the great world of London, and all fall more or less in love with Agatha's cousin, Percy Twine, of White Acton. In the end, Agatha is cured by a fever, Elsie is consoled by an alternative, and the choice falls upon Winifred. The situation makes one hate Percy, and think him an unmitigated prig; but perhaps that was inevitable. The somewhat thin idea is eked out by a mystery concerning Winifred's birth and childhood. She is brought up at school, and does not see her father until she is seventeen. Her mother is dead, and her father dies also before he has revealed the secret. It is solved by a sudden flash of reminiscence in the ultimate chapter. All this part is rather ingeniously worked out. Moreover, Mr. Pryce has a gift of brisk, neat dialogue, and a light touch on the superficialities of character. The prim Agatha and the vivacious up-to-date Elsie are a good contrast. Agatha's match-making mamma, with her incapacity to understand the

nature of a "Limerick," and her iterated "my daughter, Percy, if you know what I mean," is also good. The end of the book is hardly up to the level of the beginning. The crispness of the style flags, and the story becomes somewhat wearisome. Mr. Pryce is capable, here and there, of laying himself open to a charge of vulgarity.

It is more decent to parody Jules Verne than Sir Thomas Malory, and Mark Twain may therefore be deemed to have returned in his latest flight of humour to the limits of legitimate burlesque. We are introduced once more to Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and the invaluable nigger, Tim. These heroes obtain possession of a balloon, with a patent steering apparatus and a minimum pace of one hundred miles an hour. In this they cross the Atlantic, are driven by contrary winds to the middle of the Sahara, traverse Egypt, and finally come to anchor on "Mount Sinai, where the Ark was." On their way they fall in with oases, dust-storms, mirages, caravans, and other familiar marvels of African travel, and have a narrow escape from a somewhat improbable congregation of lions and tigers. The point of the jest appears to lie: firstly, in the shifts and expedients of the ingenious Tom Sawyer, who is certainly never at a loss for any emergency, and is able to point out to his companions the ruins of Joseph's granary, and the treasure hill of the Dervish and the Camel-driver in the *Arabian Nights*; and, secondly, in the attempt to express elementary scientific and geographical facts in terms of Yankee slang and Yankee logic. There are perpetual discussions, in which Tom Sawyer's fragments of book-learning are pitted against the ignorance and dialectic smartness of Huck Finn and the nigger, and, of course, invariably get the worst of it. The chief fault of the book is that it does not strike one as particularly funny, which is perhaps a considerable defect in what is professedly a work of humour. It is a good thing, as someone once said, for a comic paper to have some jokes in it.

The Autonym Library, one gathers, is to be more popular and less experimental than its forerunner, the Pseudonym. It is to draw upon established reputations, rather than fish for undeveloped talent. The volumes are of the same convenient size, shape, and price, but the cover is of a more comely tint. The print is clean, and you do not have to cut the pages in all sorts of unexpected places. In fact, you do not have to cut them at all, which is perhaps best for a railway journey. The first number consists, appropriately enough, of a contribution from the facile and distinguished pen of Mr. Marion Crawford. It takes the shape of two ghost stories. They are slight enough, but well told and with a proper feeling for the supernatural in atmosphere. The ghost of fiction is apt to be a little thin, intellectually as well as materially, but the nautical one in "The Upper Berth" is at least comparatively convincing. That in "By the Waters of Paradise" is more conventional, and it has the additional disadvantage of being explained. Explicable ghosts should perhaps be left to the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Research.

They have passed from the sphere of imagination into that of science; and science is welcome to them. Both stories are told with Mr. Crawford's accustomed ease of style.

A brother reviewer is advertised as being of opinion that *Thorough* is "a remarkable book"; we regret that to us it appears only remarkably dull. With immense and pathetic industry the writer has told, once again, the sufferings of Ireland from the days of Strafford to those of Cromwell. Nominally, the narrative centres around the affairs of a group of Galway friends and relatives: in effect, the thin thread of story is buried beneath a bewildering mountain of names and allusions, which only an intimate acquaintance with the annals of the period could render intelligible. Mrs. Marks has evidently got up these annals with the utmost care, and has been at the pains to overload her already thick volumes with a paraphernalia of *pieces justificatives*, in the form of elaborate quotations from Irish letters and Irish pamphlets. Unfortunately we are not all specialists in Irish history, and I imagine that those who are would prefer to take it neat, and not disguised as a long-winded and inconsequent romance. There are really only two ways of writing an historical novel: one is to conceive your characters in the usual way by the aid of imagination, and to put in your history in the background, for the sake of local colouring; the other is to take boldly a hero of the past, a Sidney or a Hampden, and, with the aid of the same imagination, attempt to reconstruct the living man from all available sources, to breathe life into the dry bones of biography. But in either case you are not absolved from the necessity of having some leading figure or group of figures in the forefront of your canvas, to whom the reader's interest may attach itself. This is a somewhat elementary rule of composition, but Mrs. Marks does not appear to have grasped it. She would have done better to have cast the result of her considerable researches into the form of a deliberate historical treatise. No one would have read it, of course; but then we do not think that anybody is likely to read this novel—at least, not all of it.

The *Mystery of Clement Dunraven* is of a familiar—one may hope, obsolescent—type. The plot revels in crimes which are commonplace in fiction and impossible out of it. The hero commits bigamy to win an inheritance, murders the black-visaged cousin and rival who shows him the documentary evidence of his guilt, and winds up by letting suspicion fall on an innocent man, who is in this case his first father-in-law. A series of extraordinary circumstances, which includes both apoplexy and paralysis, intervenes to protect him from the consequences of such a career, and he is left to the quite inadequate punishment of remorse. The authoress is careful to explain that Sir Clement Dunraven—he is a baronet, of course—had not a naturally bad heart: he sinned from weakness and recklessness merely. It is an excuse which may serve for murder, but certainly cannot be held to

extenuate the writing of this novel. There is no graciousness of style, no play of effective dialogue, no insight into character, absolutely nothing to counterbalance the feebleness of the plot. It is not even, so far as we can see, ethically sound. It is simply a weary wilderness in three volumes.

It appears from Mr. Claude Bray's title-page that he has already published several novels, which I have not had the good fortune to meet with. Presumably, therefore, there is a public to whom the ineptitudes of *Sir Joseph's Heir* will be welcome. It is the story of a girl who consented, under pecuniary pressure, to marry a man a few hours after she had first met him. This she did, by the way, at a quarter to five in the afternoon. In the hands of Mr. Stevenson or of Mr. John Davidson, the whimsical theme might have had its possibilities; in the hands of Mr. Claude Bray, it has only its impossibilities. The heroine vibrates between sentimentality and sordidness; her virtues are rewarded at the end of the book with wedded happiness. The following extract will adequately illustrate Mr. Claude Bray's style and Mr. Claude Bray's power of philosophical reflection: "Woman's mission in life before and after marriage (when some of them forget it) is to look her best. If she does not, depend upon it her actions are upon a par."

Since the days of Henry Kingsley the output of novels with a scene laid in Australia has been sufficient to furnish a small library by itself. It is a considerable continent, but the local colouring does not appear to vary to any appreciable extent. The gold-digger, with his pick-axe and "billy," the laughing jackass, the gum tree, and the wattle bush: they are all familiar and monotonous features in the landscape. Nor is the colonist with a chequered past and an ultimate baronetcy quite a fresh element among the *dramatis personae*. These old friends are trotted out once again in *Our Alma*, which, in other respects, is a well-meant, unexciting story enough.

A Dish of Matrimony is a tawdry and vulgar *plat*. The writing, the taste, and the ideas are on the level of the novelettes in a shop-girl's newspaper. One of the characters pays a morning call, wearing on her head "a nondescript arrangement, something between a hat, a bonnet, and a sortie-de-bal. On her feet she wore white satin boots with pink rosettes." Another is described as "a provoking combination of female loveliness." There is "a restless light flitting like an *ignis fatuus* about her mischievous little mouth, and underneath her long raven eyelashes." She has a large circle of unpleasant young men, who call her Ollie. The plot is the old story of the idle and industrious apprentice, varied by unromantic elopements and silly adulteries. Some of the personages are merely insipid, others are disgusting. Their manners and conversation are such as could never have existed, whether among clerks in a London suburb or anywhere else. This is the kind of trash which fills the libraries where *Esther Waters* is taboo.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

Latin Prose Versions. Contributed by various scholars. Edited by Prof. G. G. Ramsay. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) If Prof. Ramsay has caused some searching of the heart to schoolboys by his two volumes on *Latin Prose Composition*, those of them who may be fortunate enough to receive this book as a prize will assuredly grant that he now makes ample atonement. Such is the first thought that must occur to the reviewer, when he dreams that thirty years of his life are rolled back, and he stands once more, on speech day, in the presence of the Doctor. Here we have university professors and public schoolmasters combining to set forth a standard of that most difficult art, which still remains the crown and test of classical education as understood in this country. Latin verse may perhaps yield a keener pleasure, from the feeling of obstacles overcome and memories recalled; but no one entitled to an opinion on the matter will doubt that Latin prose represents the higher accomplishment. The one, after all, is a *tour de force*; the other implies a mastery over the genius of two very different languages. Would that all our so-called translators from French or German had been put through the mill! As we certainly do not intend to lay hands on our father Parmenides, we must be content with a few comments on the list of contributors. Of a former generation, we notice the honoured names of Shilleto and Conington and—scarcely less eminent than they in this *genre*—Evans, of Rugby and Durham. Among professors, it is interesting to find the Scotch universities so well represented. The English Church can show an archbishop and a dean—both once headmasters of the same institution, which the general public would not readily associate with the teaching of Latin. Winchester seems still to hold its own among the great schools. After so much translation from English, it was a happy thought of the editor to add some of the original Latin epistles addressed to Trinity College, Dublin, on the occasion of the tercentenary two years ago. Finally, the Clarendon Press has lavished upon the book such luxury of paper, print, and binding, that our faded schoolprizes will not disdain to admit this new arrival to their company.

Advanced Manual of Latin Prose Composition. By B. D. Turner. (Rivington, Percival & Co.). The theory that, in classical education, whatever may be useless, Latin prose is supremely valuable, dies hard, or, rather, may be said to be in rude health. There is no doubt that "to know thoroughly" the logical dependence of one member of a sentence upon the rest" (p. i.) does imply a good deal. Our doubt has always been, not as to the value of this knowledge, but as to the necessity of acquiring it thorough Latin prose. However, Mr. Turner, as befits an author, is a believer in his subject; and he considers his treatment of it to be original in arrangement only—that is to say, he has combined with "the principal rules of the compound sentence and a summary of the characteristics of Latin style, a larger number than is usual in such compilations of extracts for translation." (Faults of order or of punctuation, we may remark, make the above a very bad model of an English prose sentence.) We agree that there is a good deal to be said for having your necessary syntax (pp. 1-47) and notes on style (pp. 48-124) in the same volume as your selections (pp. 125-394); in that way a good deal of cross-reference is facilitated. In the "Notes on Style," those (pp. 94-100) on similes and metaphors seem very useful; also those on pronouns (pp. 114-20). In the exercises, Mr. Turner has wisely endeavoured to avoid the stock pieces of other collections. It is impossible to do this wholly; certainly,

the passage from Pope on p. 387, or the greater part of it, is found in *Foliorum Centuriae*; so is that from Berkeley on pp. 381-2.

Parallel Verse Extracts for Translation into English and Latin. By J. E. Nixon and E. H. C. Smith. (Macmillans.) In this book two distinguished Cambridge scholars make one more attempt to rationalise the practice of Latin verse in the higher education. To them *poeta nascitur non fit* is "about as fallacious as most proverbs": the art of verse writing needs only "a fair amount of sympathetic taste and ability, with a great deal of hard work, patience, and concentration of thought." Precisely—and because it requires "only" this, it altogether transcends the abilities and opportunities of many of those who used to be put through it as an essential drill. "A fair amount of sympathetic taste" is the last thing which can be taken for granted. On the other hand, we do not doubt in the least that the view of Latin verse as merely an elegant but useless accomplishment is absurd. By it can be acquired "an accurate discrimination of thoughts, and a sound appreciation of English as well as of Latin poetry"; and this is much, provided we can clear our minds of superstition in this matter, and avoid confusing the tool with the result. The "general remarks," extending over more than seventy pages, somewhat closely printed, are, we think, rather discouragingly full: it will be hard to get the beginner to tackle them, but they are extremely suggestive to more advanced scholars. The pages (lxi-lxvi) on Ellision are very helpful, and much needed in days when learning by heart is less in fashion than of old. The parallel verse extracts divided into sections for (i) Elegiacs, (ii) Lyrics, (iii) Hexameters, are both full in number and ingeniously adjusted: such a parallel, e.g., as that on pp. 26 and 27 between Ovid and Shakspere shows great judgment; that on pp. 80-1, between Horace and Dryden, really represents a loose translation, by the latter, of the former. We doubt the wisdom of insertions like this, though (see p. vi.) they appear to be intentional.

Classic Moods: Latin, Greek, and English. by Gavin Hamilton. Second Edition. (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd). "Like all great discoveries, Mr. Hamilton's is a simple one." What is his discovery? That the subjunctive is "the messenger and minister of necessity"; it is definite, absolute, direct, and makes other moods vassals; it is the dictator mood; it is used to express scientific and moral truths, and to emphasise important and novel information; and it plays the part of an extra imperative, extra indicative, and extra infinitive. But, in order to prove that the subjunctive has a "stately, imperial style," our author is reduced to such shifts as the distinction between *iubeo* and *impereo* (p. 29), the explanation of *quod iuventutem corrumperet* (p. 40), the nonsense about rich gourmands (p. 44), and about *ut dicam* (p. 47), and—worst of all—the analysis of exceptions on p. 55. Where the subjunctive marks "constituting peculiarity" on p. 58, the distinction between the one clause and the other is purely arbitrary so far as "constituting peculiarity"; and in all the cases the indicative might just as well be quoted as the important and emphatic part. Perhaps the height of absurdity is reached on p. 70, where we are told that the subjunctive is the mood of physicians and (p. 72) of madmen. Since we began with the "imperial style," to fall to madmen is rather a disgrace, especially when (on p. 74) it "marks divine power." As for the appendix on p. 93, it may be valuable against Kühner: the analysis of *ob ut* (on p. 93) is a vague statement of what is more clearly explained by Prof. Goodwin. On the whole,

it is an excellent thing to stir in the stagnant waters of the subjunctive. No doubt grammarians have laid down many rules which are exploded. This book is an honest attempt to give a consistent theory of the subjunctive, though we confess to some surprise that so many distinguished scholars have treated it with so much verbal deference. This, however, gives no excuse for such attacks on those who have disagreed with the author, as that in the note to p. xvi.—a piece of ill temper and imputation which should never have been penned. The book may have done some good if it encourages people to search into the dark places of the subjunctive, even though they do not agree with Mr. Hamilton's conclusions.

The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis. Edited by W. W. Goodwin and J. W. White. Revised edition. (Boston: Ginn.) Goodwin's Greek Grammar and Lewis's Latin Dictionary have already been welcomed in this country as standard educational works. We venture to predict an equally wide acceptance for this edition of the *Anabasis*, which, in its present revised form, represents the joint learning and experience of the two professors of Greek at Harvard. The plan of the book, equally with its execution, seems to us admirably adapted to the needs and tastes of the beginner. First, we have an introduction, dealing in considerable detail with military matters, such as all boys will feel an interest in. Then follows the text, printed in bold type, which reminds us of an old-fashioned fount, used sometimes by the Clarendon Press. This is followed by the notes, which are comparatively brief, being confined mainly to grammatical matters, and even these being condensed by references. Next comes what we regard as the most important part of the work—an "illustrated dictionary," abounding in details, and extending to nearly 250 pages. Finally, in a sort of etymological appendix, we have "groups of related words," classified under roots in alphabetical order. Whether we regard the quantity of information, or the attractive form in which it is represented, we are not aware of any Greek Reader that possesses so many merits as this. In England, elementary texts are too often produced by the junior masters, who have to learn how to teach as they go along.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. will publish immediately a *History of the Tower Bridge*, by Mr. Charles Welch, Librarian to the Corporation. The work will also contain an account of other bridges over the Thames, based upon the records of the Bridge House Estates Committee; a description of the Tower Bridge, by Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, C.B.; and an introduction by Canon Benham. It will be abundantly illustrated.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. will issue in the course of the next few weeks a new Anglo-Saxon Dictionary for the use of students, by Dr. Clark Hall. The work is mainly based on the glossaries accompanying Anglo-Saxon Texts, Readers, &c., which have appeared in England, America, and Germany, during the last ten or fifteen years; and it has been in the press for a considerable time. It will form a small quarto, with three columns to the page.

THE Lutetian Society will issue this month the first of their English translations of the Rougon-Macquart series. These works are being produced under the direct auspices of M. Emile Zola; and the first will be *L'Assommoir*, which has been translated into English by Mr. Arthur Symons. The set will comprise twelve volumes in all, in an edition de luxe limited to three hundred copies on hand-made

paper, and will be issued to subscribers only. Information can be obtained from M. John de Mattos, 99, Avenue de Villiers, Paris.

AN announcement that Mr. Frederick Wedmore has prepared for publication another little book of short stories, or "imaginative pieces," as he is wont to call them, is, we understand, at least premature, though doubtless *Pastorals of France* and the more recent *Renunciations* will sooner or later be followed by a third volume.

THE latest of Utopias is described by Mr. Henry Lazarus in a volume entitled *The Revolution of the Twentieth Century*, shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The book contains the details of a brand new constitution, as well as an indictment of the old. The evolution of the Salvationists into a *grande armée* forms a prominent feature in the scheme.

THE series of dialogues by A[nthony] H[ope], which have been appearing on Saturdays in the *Westminster Gazette*, will be republished immediately in book form by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., under the title of "The Dolly Dialogues," with illustrations by Mr. Arthur Rackham, who has also designed a special cover for the volume.

MR. DAVID CUTHBERTSON, of the Edinburgh University Library, has in the press a volume entitled, *The Auld Kirk Minister*, a series of stories illustrating the relations which existed between pastor and people in a rural district in Scotland. Messrs. J. & R. Parlance, of Paisley, are the publishers.

TWO works dealing with Foreign Missions will be issued shortly by Mr. H. R. Allenson: Dr. Robert Kerr's *Pioneering in Morocco*, which contains much information about the influence of the Medical Mission in opening the way for the introduction of the Gospel into Morocco; and a life of the late Bishop Hill, of the C. M. S. West African Mission, whose death and that of his wife occurred recently at Lagos, just as they had entered on their work.

THE Punjab Text-book Committee have obtained permission to translate into Urdu *The Story of the Life of the Prince Consort*, by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Tulloch. The book is published in this country by Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces the re-issue in a cheap form of *Notes for Boys (and their Fathers) on Minds, Morals, and Manners*, a book which has had considerable popularity at a higher price.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & Co. will issue shortly a cheap edition (being the seventh) of *The Author's Manual*, by Mr. Percy Russell, with a new preface.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE's recent volume of *Prose Fancies* has already reached a second edition.

THE first number of the *New Science Review*, the Anglo-American Quarterly, will be published in this country on Monday next, at 26, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

A MARBLE bust of Keats, executed by Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, and presented by about one hundred American admirers of the poet, will be unveiled in Hampstead Church on Monday next, at 4 p.m. It is hoped that Mr. Bret Harte will represent the American donors on the occasion; while the memorial will be received on behalf of English men of letters by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

DURING the first three days of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling literary and historical documents from different collections. First comes the collection of the late Lewis Wingfield, which includes a number of letters addressed to Castlereagh,

among them one from the Duke of Portland relating to the Union. Another interesting collection is that of Mrs. Jameson, which includes two pages of Part II. of "Faust" (presented to her by Otilie von Goethe), and several autograph poems of Charles Lamb. Among the miscellaneous lots, we may specially mention: a holograph letter from Oliver Cromwell to his son Richard, which seems to have continued in the possession of the family down to the present time; a long letter from Marlborough to the Duke of Somerset, which appears to be better written than usual; four folio volumes of correspondence relating to the affairs of the Nabob of Arcot, which should certainly be acquired by the India Office; a series of letters of Browning and his wife, in one of which he refers to the liberal terms offered to her by American publishers; and a number of documents relating to Bonaparte and Nelson.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE University Court of Glasgow has appointed Prof. Henry Jones, of St. Andrews, to the chair of moral philosophy, vacant through Dr. Edward Caird's removal to Oxford; and Mr. Richard Lodge, of Brasenose College, to the newly founded chair of history.

AMONG the printed books purchased for the Bodleian during the past year were the following curiosities. Two horn-books of the time of Charles II., with a thistle stamped on the back of each, and therefore evidently printed in Scotland; together with a thick "battledore" of the horn-book shape, *temp. George III.* And a collection of 469 Icelandic *grafskeiptir* (funeral broadsheets, generally containing brief particulars relating to the deceased, with appropriate poetry), ranging from 1823 to 1892. This collection was sent from Iceland, with a consignment of ponies, to a Glasgow merchant, who offered it to the Bodleian: it may be doubted whether any equally extensive collection is to be found out of Iceland. We may also mention *The Day of the Purple Falcon* (1847), a metrical romance privately printed from the original MS. in the possession of the Hon. Robert Curzon: it was really written by Bishop Heber and Mr. Curzon. In the annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library, in connexion with the death of Prof. Jowett (who had been a curator for thirty-eight years), it is recorded that the gift of the Shelley collection had been offered through him; and that his last visit to the library was made on June 13, 1893, when Lady Shelley, accompanied by him, presented the collection.

THE following were the chief purchases made last year for the University Library at Cambridge out of the Rustat Fund, which now yields an income of only £163:—

Manuscripts:—Terentius, xv cent., on vellum (Northern); Beda, *Homiliae super Lucam*, xii cent.; *Vitae Godvali, &c.*, xiii cent.; *Statuta, Forma brevium, &c.*, early xiv cent.; *Visio lamentabilis*, xv cent., on vellum; Poems in Irish, xv and xvi cent., on vellum; Keating's *History of Ireland* (in Irish), xviii cent.; Entries of Coroner's Inquests, Fines, &c., in Ireland, xvi cent.; Bokenham (Joseph), *Dictionary of Arms*; *Valuations, Incumbents, &c.*, of Norfolk Benefices, xvii cent.; Fitch (W. S.), *Collections towards a History of Copdock*, 1845; Cotton (Iz.), *Groundes, Rules, &c.*, of Starr Chamber; [Hudson, Will.], *Treatise of the Court of Star Chamber*.

Printed Books:—J. de Theramo. *Belial zu deutsch.* Woodcuts. F. (Types of H. Eggestein, Strasburg, ab. 1477)—This edition seems not to have been described: the cuts are those that occur afterwards in H.

Knobloch's editions; G. de Monte Rocherii, *Manipulus Curatorum* (Hain *8157), F., and *Bollarus de conceptione B. V. Mariae*, Hain *3436, F. (R printer, Strasburg)—in one volume, from the library of Dr. Kloss; *Aristoteles Oeconomica, &c.* (Hain *1776), 4°, A. ther Hoernen, Cologne; three books printed by Ulr. Zell, Cologne, ab. 1470, 4°, in one volume; *Albertus de adherendo deo*, F. (J. Zainer, Ulm, about 1472); *Vocabularius utriusque juris* (C. A. *1750), F. (J. de Westphalia, ab. 1480); *Quattuor Novissima*, 4°, R. Paffroed, Deventer, 1494; *Papias*, F., Venice, 1486; *Speculum aureum animae peccatricis*, 4°, A. Caylaut, Paris; *Bartholomaeus de proprietatibus rerum*, F., Lugd., 1482; *Lydgate's Temple of Glas*, 4°, (W. de Worde, ab. 1495—1500); *Proclamation of Pardons on the Accession of Henry VIII*, Broadsheet; *The Byrth and Lyfe of Antechrist*, 4°, W. de Worde (ab. 1520)—this book does not seem to be known to bibliographers.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for July opens with a valuable critico-exegetical article by Dr. Gifford on the points in dispute between Prof. Ramsay and Mr. Chase in connexion with the use of the term Galatia. We can only mention that Dr. Gifford has no doubt that *τὴν φρυγίαν καὶ γαλατίαν χώραν* (Acts xvi. 6) could, in other contexts, be applied either to Northern or to Southern Galatia, but that in its present context it can only mean the borderland of Phrygia and Galatia, north of Antioch, through which the travellers passed, after "having been forbidden to preach the Word in Asia." Mr. Kidd, author of "Social Evolution," gives a critique of Prof. Drummond's "Ascent of Man," which confirms us in the belief that even thinkers who differ so widely as Prof. Drummond and Mr. Kidd may criticise each other with friendliness and the strongest endeavour to be fair. The other articles are by Prof. Dods and Prof. A. B. Bruce (both in continuation of previous articles), Mr. J. Watson, and Mr. T. H. Darlow. Prof. Dods also contributes a genially written survey of new literature on the Bible.

THE FOUNTAINE SALE.

THE Fountaine Sale, at Christie's, on July 6, was one of the most noteworthy of recent years. Apart from the articles of *virtu*, which were numerous and of great value, there were nine books of remarkable character, each one of which excited the curiosity of the crowd of collectors assembled in the sale-room.

Eight of them were MSS. of singular interest. The one printed volume (No. 137) was a Prayer-book (*Psalmes or Prayers taken out of Holy Scripture, with a Litanie*, Thomas Berthelet, 1544), impressed upon vellum, which had belonged to Henry VIII., his daughter Mary, and the Dowager Queen Catherine Parr, in succession. The royal arms were emblazoned on the reverse of the title-page; and the book contained inscriptions by the King, one of them being addressed to "Myne own good daughter" on the occasion of his presenting it to the Lady Mary. The princess bestowed it on Catherine Parr, in an inscription which is signed "Your moste humble Doughter and seruant Marye." There are a couple of inscriptions in Latin by "Catherine Regina K.," and one by "T. Seymour," the admiral whom she married after the king's death. Another inscription, "I will yf you will," appears to be in Edward VI.'s handwriting, and was probably an answer to his sister's suggestion that the book should be presented to the Queen. The little volume realised £640 10s. (Quaritch).

Of the eight MSS., one was a beautiful Latin Gospel, written and illuminated in Carolingian style about the end of the ninth century. It was described (No. 138) as having been written late in the tenth century for Otto III. by an Italian monk at St. Gall; but the book is probably a hundred years older, and Burgundian in its origin: it brought £570 (Quaritch). A charming Italian MS. (No. 139, *Officium B.V.M.*), written for the Duchess of Urbino about 1510, was described as from the hand of Giulio Clovio—a traditional attribution which had been accepted by Waagen, but for which there was really no ground: it realised £450 (Yates Thompson). A third MS. (No. 140), in which the interest of historical ownership was combined with a flawless beauty of execution, was a little Latin Bible of the early part of the fourteenth century. Although it was only the first volume out of two, the second being preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, its description as the Bible of Philip the Fair, and the marks of ownership by the Duc de Berry about 1390, rendered it an object of strong competition: it fetched £610 (Quaritch), and will probably rejoin its other half in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Another MS. (No. 143) of great artistic value was a Book of Hours (incomplete) of English execution, written about the beginning of the fourteenth century for some lady of the Clifford family who had married a Grandison; the illuminations were peculiarly interesting as examples of English art of a very fine style: the book brought £410 (Quaritch). It was instantly purchased by Mr. William Morris, who carried it away under his arm from the sale-room. Another MS. (No. 144), less interesting as a work of miniature art than as a book of historical ownership, was a Book of Hours in Latin, of French execution, which had belonged to Margaret Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., and bore an inscription by her of presentation to Lady Shryle, signed "Margaret Modyr to the Kynge": it fetched £350 (Alsted). A Book of Hours (No. 145), written probably at Bourges at the beginning of the fifteenth century, was also an illuminated work of great beauty; it bore marks of having belonged to Vittoria Farnese, Duchess of Urbino (about 1550): it realised £300 (Quaritch). No. 141 was a French Horae, not very fine, but prettily illuminated (£150). No. 142 was a similar book, very splendid in decoration (£180).

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

CONTI, Angelo. *Giorgione*: studio. Milan: Hoepli. 15 fr.
DÖRPFELD, W. *Troja 1893*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M.
FORSTMANN, A. *Zur Geschichte des Aeneasmythus*. Magdeburg: Creutz. 2 M. 50 Pf.
HERKENR, H. *Die Arbeiterfrage*. Berlin: Guttentag. 4 M.
HOELZEL, F. *Die englische Schriftsprache in Tottel's Miscellany (1597) u. s. w.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
MAUSS, C. *L'Eglise de Saint-Jérémie à Abou-Goch. 2e Partie*. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
SHAKESPEARE, W. *Gedichte, in's Deutsche übertragen durch A. v. Mauntz*. Berlin: Feber. 5 M.
VOGE, W. *Die Anfänge d. monumentalen Stile im Mittelalter. Eine Untersuchung üb. die erste Blütezeit französischer Plastik*. Strasburg: Heitz. 14 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

MAIMONIDES' *Commentar zum Tractat Peah*. Zum 1. Male im Arab. Urtext hrg. u. s. w. v. D. Herzog. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M. 20 Pf.

RÉTIEU, F. *Sciences des religions du passé et de l'avenir*. Paris: Pédone-Lauriel. 7 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BARDOUX, H. *Discours et plaidoyers*. T. II. Paris: Rousseau. 10 fr.

CATALOGUE des monuments et inscriptions de l'Egypte antique. Ire Série. Haute Egypte. T. 1. De la frontière de Nubie à Kern-Ombo. Paris: Leroux. 52 fr.

CORNILLER, L. A. *Etude sur le Homestead*. Paris: Pédone-Lauriel. 7 fr.

DÜMMER, E. *Ueb. Leben u. Schriften des Mönches Theoderich (v. Anorobach)*. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M.

FOVILLE, A. de. *Enquête sur les conditions de l'habitation en France: les Maisons-types*. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.

KHALIL ED-DAHIRY. *Zoubdat Kadif el-Mamalik. Tableau politique et administratif de l'Egypte, de la Syrie et du Hijaz sous la domination des Sultans Mamelouks du XII^e au XV^e Siècle. Texte arabe p. p. Paul Ravaisse*. Paris: Leroux. 12 fr.

PFISTER, Ch. *Les manuscrits allemands de la Bibliothèque Nationale, relatifs à l'histoire d'Alsace*. Paris: Fischerbacher. 6 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BÖRSE, E. *Monographie d. Genus Rhynchonellina Gemm.* Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 6 M.

DRÜDE, P. *Physik des Aethers auf elektromagnetischer Grundlage*. Stuttgart: Enke. 14 M.

HEINZE, M. *Vorlesungen Kanta üb. Metaphysik aus drei Semestern*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 8 M.

MARTIN, René, et RAYMOND ROLLINAT. *Vererbés sauvages du département de l'Indre*. Paris: Soc. d'éditions scientifiques. 10 fr.

MERRIAM, J. C. *Ueb. die Pythonomorphen der Kansas-Kreide*. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 12 M.

SCHUMANN, K. *Lehrbuch der systematischen Botanik, Phytopatologische u. Phytogeographie*. Stuttgart: Enke. 16 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

PALLIOPPI, Z. ed E. *Dizionario del idioms Romaunsehs d'Engiadina ota e basea*. 3. fasc. Basel: Geering. 5 M.
SAKOLOWSKI, F. *Da anthologia palatina questiones*. Leipzig: Gräfe. 1 M. 60 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NAMUR; RAMILLIES; MENIN: ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Oxford: June 25, 1894.

The following letters have been transcribed, without punctilious accuracy, from the originals in the Rawlinson collection in the Bodleian Library. They are all of some interest, as containing the accounts of persons actually present at the battle and the sieges to which they relate. The narrative of the battle of Ramillies and the events which followed seems to contain some new details; and it may be compared with that in the *Compendious Journal* of John Millner.

C. E. DOBLE.

I. (MSS. RAWL. C. 421, fol. 200).

"DEAR SIR,—

"This comes to you from our Camp at Namur, where wee came about some twelve dayes agoe, with some other regiments, that were detach'd from our army in Flanders, to reinforce this that invests the town: the great curiositie I had to see a seige, made me impatient till our trenches were opened, which was not done till the eleventh of this instant: the ground all hereabouts is very rocky, that our works went on but slowly, notwithstanding wee made a shift to carry them on, till wee came within threescore or fourscore paces of a strong fort of the enemys that lies on the Maese side, opposite to the town and castle, and then having battered it severall dayes together with our Canon, on Monday last about 7 in the evening wee began to attack it, and after a very smart dispute, which lasted about an hour, wee became masters of it, the attack was made by Dutch and English, and with that vigour and bravery, that wee never left pursuing, as long as wee had any light to see them; so night being come wee endeavoured to secure the ground, wee had gained, by intrenching ourselves, which wee have done so effectually that they have not ventured to disturb us: I cannot yet tell you certainly what men were lost on either side in this action, only I am sure (for I viewd the dead bodys as they lay) that they were not so many as I feared there would have been, from such great firing as there was: the English Guards behaved themselves remarkably well in this action and have had severall of their officers either killed or wounded; since this our Canon and bombs are continually playing upon another fort of the enemys, that lies by the walls of the town on the Maese side, and wee hope to be masters both of the one and of the other in a very short time, of which this last action may be a good presage: my humble service to Mr. Cooling and to all our freinds at the Golden Lyon or the Short Dog, I am,

"Your affectionate humble servant,
"BENJAMIN CONWAY.

"July 21: 1895.

"if you're pardon my past silence, I'll endeavour to make you amends by a more frequent correspondence. I would desire you to let me hear from you and direct it to be left with Mr. Cardonnell.

"For Mr. Griffith
"to be left at the Secretary's
"office in
"Whitehall."

II. (Ib. fol. 202).

"DEAR SIR,—

"I thank you for your letter and am very glad to hear that all our friends are well; since I wrote my last to you we have made two or three very successfull attacks upon the enemy, and by that we made on Tuesday night last, being the 2^d of August, we became masters of a detacht bastion adjoyning to the Maes, and lodgd ourselves that night in the counteracarp, our batteries have now made two large breaches, one by St. Nicholas's port, and the other not very far off, but nearer the Maes, so that now we are ready for a storm: but the French have prevented us, for yesterday about two a clock in the afternoon they beat a parly, and after some conference between the Gouvernor and our Major Generall that then commanded the trenches, there came to us a Colonell and a Lieutenant Colonell to treat with us about surrendring, on our side were sent into the town Colonell Seymour and another L. Colonell with him: I cannot yet tell you what the event of it is, for it is not yet come to a conclusion, but I suppose it will ere many hours be over, else I fancy it woud not have lasted so long as it has done. As soon as I hear of it you may expect to hear further from me. And now thus far all is well, but from Flanders we hear that the French have fallen upon Dixmude and Deynse and made both the Garrisons which consisted of eleven regiments prisoners of war: my service to Mr. Cooling and all our freinds. I hope to drink your healths to-morrow in Namur in good Champaigne. I am,

"Your faithfull freind and servant,
"BENJAMIN CONWAY.

"Aug : 4 : 1695
"from our Camp
"before Namur.

"For Mr. William Griffith to be
"left with Mr. James Robinson
"at Mr. Secretary Trumballs office
"in

Whitehall."

III. (MSS. RAWL. D. 862, FOL. 105 sq.).

"MY LORD,—

"We marcht out of garreson April 30, and after we had marcht every day save on, We joyned the grand army neer Tongres May the 9. The 10th we halted—The 11th we marcht to Waerem whence we saw the Enemies tents at a great distance—The 12th (Whit Sunday) we marcht againe and after a very little way coming into an open country we divided into 8 colums, not dreaming but that the Enemy would retire as fast towards the Dyle as we could after them, but to our surprize about ii. we perseeved them marching towards us, however to make an [?] attack upon them as difficult as it could be, they possessed themselves of 3 villages with the hedges and hollow wayes about them. It took some time to make the dispositione, so that the Cannon did not fire till neer 2 and the Small Shott till neer 3, which last began by an attack upon the Village in our left called Ramillies, from which the Battell is also call'd,—because the cheife and almost all that could be call'd Action was there and thereabouts. The Dutch horse led on by the Duke himself 3 tymes were broken all to peices twice on tyme of which the Duke was in very great danger being forced to runn too, he came to a ditch which his horse took, however by some accident he was throwen out of his Saddle and runn over by en that followed him and could not stop his horse, the Duke took to his heels and Major Generall Murray, seeing this commanded 2 Swiss Battalions to give a seasonable Volly on the pursuers and stopt them, ane Adacame furnishing the Duke with a fresh horse—as Colonel Bring-

* These two letters are no doubt addressed to Sir Thomas Rawlinson, Lord Mayor of London.

feilde held his stirrupt a cannon ball dasht his brains out. The 3^d time the Dutch horse quite broke the Enemy who never rallied againe, this was a litle to the left of the Village, and the foot in it seeing their horse that were to cover them, routed, retired also. The fire was very hott while it lasted, but all was over about 5. None of the Queens subjects wer engaged except 6 Battalions in Dutch pay, Churchills and Mordants; all the rest of English horse and foot wer on the Right and can't be said to have beene engaged, tho' they lost some men by cannon and even by musquet shot. But the English horse and dragoons did therre part in the pursuit, the latter took 4 Battalions of the Regiment du Roy intire, and between one and t'other a vast number of wagons each drawn by 4 or more brav horses, most ston'd, some belonging to Generall Officers with plate and other rich booty in them, Some to Sutlers, many for Ammunition & Bread, besydes which, by close pursuit they forced them to drop ther Cannone, here and ther in the villages as they pass'd; in all 56. We of the foot marched at a great rate till 9, But could overtake no body; and then we laid down our arms. All the way that we passed wer strewed with knapsacks, ketles, hatchets, Tent poles and abundance of other things; however tho' we wer glade to see all this, we did not think any great matter of it. We had the Dyle still to pass without which all that we had done signified nothing, and that we expected worse bloody noses than at the battell; however t'was to be attempted while the thing was hott. Accordingly the next morning (May the 13th) we marcht to Meldert Camp and at night the Duke ordered 24 Battalions and a good number of Squadrons to march under General Churchill about midnight to lay the bridges, early in the morning when we gott within a league of Loveine the scene open'd, the news mett us that the Dyle was open and the Envie wer bringing therre keyes, and then we found that of 60,000 hardly 15,000 got back to Loveine and many of those with broken arms or none, without Ammunition, Baggage, provissons or indeed almost any necessaries. They had in a maner disbanded all their foot after the battell, for least they should be taken or cutt in peices they bid them disperse and mak the best of their way to Loveine thro the woods and bye lanes, by which means abundance which were forced into the Service took occasione to returne to their own homes, abundance deserted to us, abundance taken prisoners, Its we have in the whole 5000, and such as would return to their collors can't, because we hav continued our march so close to the heels of the army they hav. As soon as we gott this news our order of march was changed, we turned our faces directly to Loveine, the army marched over bridges as laid just to the left of the town, and the Artillery thro the town and we encamped just on tother side, I had forgott to tell you amongst the prisoners taken in the fight was Count Tallards some wher the king took out of the Abby upon the death of his brother of his wounds after Hochstat and put into the grand Musqueteirs to qualifie him for an officier, and Luxenburgh's nephew and on or two Major Generalls. May the 15 we marcht to Beaulie near Bristls, upon this march we had news that Bristls, Mechelen had sent their keyes; My Lord Clare a Lieutenant Generall of the French dyed of his wounds, May the 16th we marcht to Greenburgh, passing the Canal, the front Line and Wheele baggage thro Valword and the rier line over bridges to the right of it, General Churchill is sent to Bristls to recide there as commander in cheif of all the places taken or that shall be taken, his own, Evans, 5 & 2 Forreign Battalions being sent with him to keep guard there. This afternoon upon the march the Duke's order against maroading was read to every Regiment, declaring all the Country that submitted to King Charles the 3^d under his protection, and that who ever was caught taken a Hen from a Boor's House should be hang'd immediately. The French as they march'd of plunder'd all beating the Boors and killing such Cattle that they could not take with them, and Its said when they left Mechelen would hav spoiled the Magazine, but the Burghers gotto arms and hindred them—May the 17th we halted and also the 18, this day Leire begged the Duk's protection—May the 19 was intended as a day of thanksgiving but

marching that day to Alost twas put of. This morn, we heard that a great party out of Namure had come and drawn of a good number of those cannon they had drop in the Villages after the fight—we being busy in marching after the enemies as a thing of greater consequence that they might not hav time to breath, and not being able to finde horses timely enough to fetch them away

—May the 20 we marcht with a designe to pass the Scheild at Gaurie, the best place we could supposing the enemy should oppose us, without which we could not hav Ghent, but when we came to the river side, the coast was clear, by which we knew that Ghent was our own, So the Duke took his quarters on this side, at Marlebik within a league of the town and we incamp't. In the even Ghent sent their Keys—May the 21st we halted and the thanksgiving was strictly observed. At ten this morn the Castle of Ghent gav up and 4 foreigne battalions marchd thither to keep guard. Antwerp, Bridges, and Oudenard, demanding protection, Brigadeir Cadingham with a great party was sent to the first, Major Generall Ross to the 2d. . . . with another to the 3d. This rapidness of conquest must be surprising, if we consider that they had 74 Battalions and 128 Squadrons, a brave army with which the Duke of Bav: at his leaving Lovaine promised to chase us under the Wals of Mastricht, they wer so satisfied with the goodness of their Troops that they scord to stay within the Dyle, and the French king had given them posotive orders to fight us wherever they mett us, as appears by an intercepted letter, and indeed I never saw better bodied men than the prisoners in my life. We had not 20 battalions and not many Squadrons engaged in the fight, our loss was inconsiderable and theirs (I mean the Slain) not exceeding great, and yet this brave army blown up into the aire, as I may say, their is totally ruined, I dont know how, this I say must be surprising, but then the rest follows on course. They had draine all their garresons, not left a man in those parts, even the garreson of Namure was ther but returned, but the others quitt hav not men to spare, for had they men they would not hav suffred us to hav pass'd the canal of Bristls or the Scheild unmolested, besides the Boors tell us that they are frightned out of their witts, beyond what can be imagined, and yet they will keep an army, a show of on at least in the feild, or all is lost and they hav not numbers sufficient for both garresons and feild. They doe indeed keep Dendermond, because a few men will doe it, they hav left 2 Battalions in it and can drown the country round it. It can be taken but must be starved, as Guelder was, and we suppose they will keep Damm because it is such another place and they must keep Oastend, Newport, because very strong and of vast Importance, so that our buseness will be to seige or followe them over the Lins, so terrible to us the last war. But they cant stop us now, and how farr we will extend our conquest God only knows. God be thanked, we hav the whole summer befor us, and we expect 40 Battalions with the army Barron Sparre used to command out of Holland, and the Hessians, Hannavors Prusians Zelges [sic] to joyn us, the Prince of Hess sole commander. I pray God bless the Queen and your Lordship and the whole corporation and may England florish for ever. The great men of this country into [sic] the Duke of Bav. he is undone unless the Queen of England and Stats Generall and the Duke of Marlburgh doe interpose in his behalfe, but they are glad to be freed from the French Tiranny.

"Your Lordships most humble
"and most obedient servant
"to command,
"P.S. my humble service to your son
"and two sheriffs.
"Melder Camp near Ghent
"May 21st 1706."

IV. (RAWL. MSS., D. 862, FOL. 107).

"Campe befor Menhein
"August the 11.
"[1706.]

"My Lord,
"I cant omite letting your know that the stronge toun of Minhein this morning beate a

Shammaide and planted there white collers one the Breach and demanded to capitulate; there demands was that the toun and forte should be Rassed and to march out with all marks of Honnor, but my Lord Duke denied the first and they sined the Capitulation to march out in three dayes and to surrender a gate of the toun to morow they are to carry out two peces of Cannon and as many Morters and are to have four Wagons keever'd. My Lord, this place was surrend'r'd in fourteen dayes after wee fier'd Cannon, Wee [had] about two thousand men killed and wounded, some of them are officers that recruited last Winter with your Lordships, poore Capt. Brace and Capt. Lockland and one Sherfe and Tanner wounded, the first three are dead. Never toun was attacked with more vigor and better defended for the time.

"My Lord, I can't be sartaine wheare wee goe next, but Turnay or Lille are talk'd of, but the charge is too considerable that I doe beleive wee shall not besiege above one toun more this year. This toun has been forty yeares in the French hands. I bege your Lordships forgivenes and am with all respect,

"Your Lordships
"Humble Servant,
"W. HIGGINSON."

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 16, 4.30 p.m. Victoria Institute: Annual Meeting; Address by the President, Sir G. G. Stokes.

SCIENCE.

RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSLATIONS.

A History of Philosophy. By Dr. W. Windelband. Authorised translation by James H. Tufts, Ph.D. (Macmillans.)

The Ethic of Benedict de Spinoza. Translated by W. Hale White; translation revised by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling. Second edition, revised, with new Preface. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lectures on the History of Philosophy. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated by E. S. Haldane and Frances H. Simson. Vol. II. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Hegel's Philosophy of Mind. Translated, with Five Introductory Essays, by William Wallace. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

PROF. WINDELBAND claims that his *History of Philosophy* is distinguished from the common run of works on the same subject by the special attention which it gives to the development of important ideas: he treats it as a history of problems and conceptions rather than of individual systems. Such an enterprise, if successfully carried out, would no doubt be a most valuable contribution to thought. But Prof. Windelband's performance is hardly equal to his promise. His learning is immense; but he lacks the speculative power, the original genius, necessary for so vast an undertaking. He has succeeded in breaking up the plastic unity of the great systems: his pages are littered with the *disjecta membra philosophorum*, but he has not built them up into another and higher organisation. Even as a critic, his judgments are by no means to be relied on. In dealing with Sophisticism, for instance, he merely repeats the worn-out traditions of German academical teaching.

"The Sophists," he tells us, "with their self-complacent pettifogging advocacy, made themselves the mouthpiece of all the unbridled

tendencies which were undermining the order of public life. . . . Protagoras was the only one who was the author of any conceptions philosophically fruitful and significant. . . . Hippas and Prodicus are only to be mentioned, the one as the type of a popularising polyhistor, the other as an example of superficial moralising" (p. 69).

"The Sophists demanded a free and uncramped development of the passions" (p. 78). They "maintained the originality of the Will, and on that account its warrant from Nature" (p. 80). "All courses of Sophistic thought issued in giving up truth as unattainable" (p. 94). Yet, strangely enough, "Democritus, with the help of the Sophistic psychology, developed Atomism to a comprehensive system" (p. 108). Plato's communism is "limited to the thought that he who is to live for the ends of the whole . . . must not be bound to the individual by any personal interest" (p. 127), as if Plato had not declared in the *Laws* that his ideal was absolute communism for the whole population! According to Epicurus, as here interpreted, "there is nothing in itself right or wrong," and an examination of the laws shows that they are the result of a compact in which the wise, who naturally looked to their own interest, got the best of the bargain (p. 175). What Epicurus really said was something quite different: namely, that "laws are established for the sake of the wise, not that they may wrong others, but that they may not be wronged themselves."

Apart from the chapter on Kant, which is the best in the book and altogether admirable, Prof. Windelband will be found most useful as the historian of patristic, mediaeval, and renaissance philosophy. For English-speaking students, the value of the work is seriously impaired by its very inadequate recognition of the English philosophers from Locke to Hume, who are lumped together under the head of the "Philosophy of Rationalism" (why does Prof. Tufts translate *Aufklärung* by the unmeaning literalism "Enlightenment"?).

I have not had an opportunity of comparing Prof. Tufts' version with the original; but it seems to be substantially accurate, and it is occasionally spirited. A few slips may, however, be detected. To say that the works of Plotinus were written in "late old age" is an evident misunderstanding of the German for "late in life" (p. 218). Lambert, the logician, did not exactly stand "on the summit of the natural science of his time" (p. 461), but "auf der Höhe der Naturwissenschaft," which means that he was quite up to date in that department. Schlegel's *Lucinde* does not exactly "run into refined commonplace" (p. 603), but rather into "Gemeinheit," of which a rather strong English equivalent is blackguardism; but this I only offer as a very conjectural emendation. And should not Oken be called Schelling's, not Schiller's, disciple (p. 608)? We come across such inelegant literalisms as that Spinoza's theory of the emotions "is always looking squintingly towards the other attribute [i.e., extension]" (p. 413), that Kant "pours out scorn on metaphysical endeavour with a gallows-humour which touches his own inclination

in a most sensitive point" (p. 478), and that Comte's principle of the three stages "has not merely Hegel and Cousin for its prototypes" (p. 639). Misprints, especially in Greek words, are also too frequent, and sometimes extend to the dates, as when the year of Schopenhauer's birth is given as 1778 (p. 572).

Judged by the standards of modern scientific thought, there is no bygone system offering so large a proportion of what is true and valuable, in comparison with what is erroneous, unmeaning, or futile, as the philosophy of Spinoza; nor is there any conveyed in a style of such lapidary and monumental simplicity, such commanding austerity and strength. Fortunately, it is also a style that loses little of its classical beauty in a translation. Such, at least, is the impression produced by the almost ideally perfect rendering of the *Ethic* named at the head of this article, a version whose merits have been rewarded by the honour, rare in philosophic literature, of a second edition. A still more searching revision than Miss Stirling's might perhaps show that some slight blemishes have been allowed to stand. In the very difficult demonstration of Prop. xxi., Part 1, the words, "therefore it must be determined by thought so far as it does not constitute the idea of God, but which (sic) nevertheless necessarily exists," are more obscure than the original Latin, with the additional disadvantage of not being good English. In Prop. xxxiii., Part 1, the objectionable solecism "different to" has, contrary to the usual custom of the translators, been allowed to slip in. In Prop. v., Part 4, I think "definitur" would be better translated by "measured" than by "limited," which as here employed (p. 185) conveys a misleading impression of opposition and restraint, whereas Spinoza means the very reverse—i.e., that passion acts as an external power arrayed against our own real self; and the same remark applies to Prop. xv. In the scholium to Prop. xliv., Part 4, "quia molesti solent esse" does not mean anything so strong as "inasmuch as they do harm" but only "because they make themselves nuisances" or "burdensome to others"; and the same is true of "molesti" as used in sect. xiii. of the Appendix to Part 4. In the scholium to Prop. lvii. of the same part, for "pity, like shame," we should read "shame, like pity." Finally, I do not understand why "modestia," which in the definitions appended to Part 3 was quite correctly translated as "courtesy or moderation," should in sect. xxv. of the Appendix to Part 4 be rendered by the misleading term "affability."

In the excellent Preface to this new edition of the Translation, which is practically an introductory essay on the philosophy of Spinoza, Mr. Hale White modestly admits that he "does not pretend to understand the whole of Spinoza," and adds a suspicion, which is probably correct, that "nobody has fully understood him" (p. lxii.). For most of this obscurity two motives are, I think, pre-eminently responsible. One is the effort to force a series of essentially indemonstrable theses into the forms of

geometrical demonstration ; the other is the effort, equally futile, to present the stern morality of reason under the garb of a rather sickly religious sentimentality. German romanticism, feeling the need of a similar synthesis, brought this side of Spinoza's teaching into more prominence than it deserved. The great Jewish thinker was not what Schleiermacher called him "a God-intoxicated man," nor yet what Hegel called him, an "acosmist," but eminently a cosmist, not in any sense a theist at all.

Whether owing to the co-operation of Miss Simson or to increased diligence on the part of the other translator, the English version of the second volume of Hegel's *History of Philosophy* is an immense improvement on its predecessor. The style, indeed, is still painfully inelegant, but mistakes are of rare occurrence. Two only, relating to matters of fact, need be mentioned. The Epicurean Metrodorus whom Hegel mentions—without any apparent reason—as having developed his master's doctrines, was not, as is here stated (p. 280), the Metrodorus who went over to the school of Carneades, and who lived 150 years later. Epicurus never said, nor does Hegel make him say, that "it is better to be unhappy and reasonable than to be happy and unreasonable" (p. 308), but to be *unlucky*, &c., than to be *lucky*, &c. The German for "happy" is not *glücklich*, but *glückselig*.

If Hegel needs translating into English at all, then it is to be wished that Prof. Wallace could be permanently retained for that duty. His version of the *Philosophy of Mind* is a perfect marvel of lucid elegance, only to be appreciated by those who compare it, paragraph by paragraph, with the crabbed original. It may be safely said that this division of the Encyclopaedia now presents no obscurities, except what are inseparable from the dialectic method itself. Only in two unimportant passages have I noted difficulties for which the original did not seem responsible. In discussing the normal process of individual consciousness and its relation to the world of which the thinking, feeling, acting subject is the centre, Prof. Wallace makes Hegel say that "error and that sort of thing is a proposition consistently admitted to a place in the objective interconnection of things" (p. 38). Here "proposition" quite fails to give the force of the German word *Inhalt*, which simply implies that errors may enter into the tissue of consciousness without setting it fatally at variance with the objective order of things. The other instance is a sentence occurring in section 541, which reads as follows : "Individuality is the first and supreme principle which makes itself fall through the State's organisation" (p. 139). To me at least this is unintelligible. The German is clear enough : "Die Individualität ist die erste und die höchste durchdringende Bestimmung in der Organisation des Staates." Perhaps "fall" is a misprint for "felt"; but why is "which" italicised? On pp. 99 and 105 an "of" and an "under" have been dropped out, to the great injury of the sense.

Prof. Wallace has already translated the

First Part of Hegel's Encyclopaedia—the so-called *Logic*; but he has "not ventured upon" the *Philosophy of Nature*, which forms the Second Part, giving as his reason that "to penetrate into that province would require an equipment of learning he makes no claim to." Perhaps, also, he was deterred by a lively apprehension of the fact that nowhere else has Hegel so completely given himself away. It may be a mere accident that the dialectic method failed most signally on the one field where it was most open to speedy and complete refutation; but the circumstance remains suspicious. To some the *Philosophy of Mind* may seem as unscientific, if not as false, as the *Philosophy of Nature*. In both there is the same thoroughgoing hostility to analysis, the same attempt to substitute an artificial and superficial systematisation of the phenomena for an examination of their underlying causes. And just as in the *Philosophy of Nature*, "subjectivity" was made to play a great part in the material world, so in the *Philosophy of Mind* "objectivity" is with more apparent reason credited with a large share in the evolution of consciousness. Prof. Wallace's five introductory essays—learned, lucid, and suggestive—are an attempt to mediate between Hegel and contemporary thought; but whatever their other merits may be, they do not go far to fill up the gulf. May I be allowed, in conclusion, to enter a gentle protest against that incessant use of the word "mere," which mars an otherwise admirable style? It occurs over fifty times in the Essays; while in the Translation it appears as the equivalent of three different German words, besides being introduced where the original offers no equivalent. This supercilious little word is becoming a perfect pest in contemporary literature of the more thoughtful sort; in sense as well as in sound it reminds one painfully of a sneer—and is just as impossible to answer.

ALFRED W. BENN.

OBITUARY.

PROF. DILLMANN.

THE death of August Dillmann, after a short but severe illness, deprives Hebrew philology and Biblical studies in general of one of their greatest representatives. He died at Berlin, on July 4, in his seventy-second year.

Dillmann and Schrader were both pupils of Ewald, and carried on that tradition of a philological treatment of theological documents which Ewald himself joined with Gesenius to initiate. But if it was at Göttingen that Dillmann caught his enthusiasm for the study of languages and of the Bible, to Tübingen and Berlin he owed a full scope for learned labour. Like Schrader, he was induced by Ewald to take up Ethiopic; his Ethiopic Grammar and Dictionary, and his edition of part of the Ethiopic Old Testament, and of the Book of Enoch, have won for him the abiding gratitude of students of that interesting language. Quite lately Dillmann expressed his hope of revising his text and translation of Enoch; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Charles's new translation of this composite apocryphal work, based as it is on a special revision of the text, would have spurred him on to a rapid accomplishment of the task, had his life been spared. Dillmann's Old Testament commentaries are well known. His restless energy in bringing

out new editions of them, in some respects thoroughly up to date, was a perpetual surprise to younger scholars. The study of Hexateuch-criticism owes much to him; and if it was provoking to some of his opponents that one so clear-sighted could not join them in their revolutionary theories, it surprised and touched them when they saw him, from sheer love of truth, making concessions which seemed to them next door to complete surrender. As a theologian, he held the cautiously progressive views which might be expected from a disciple of Ewald. His dissertation on prophecy may still be read with instruction. But it is as an historical scholar and a philologist that he will be remembered. Some of his best work was contributed to the *Transactions* of the Berlin Academy; and this, we can hardly doubt, will be brought together by the piety of friends. As a professor he never ceased to gather large classes. His *Seminar* gave many a good scholar the training to which he owes a successful career.

T. K. C.

FINE ART.

THE COINS OF THE MOGUL EMPERORS OF INDIA.*

THE work before us is the first instalment of a Catalogue of the coins collected by Mr. C. J. Rodgers (formerly principal of the Christian Vernacular Education College at Amritsar), and purchased by the Panjab Government for the Lahore Museum. The present portion of the work deals with the coins of the Suri and Mogul kings, between the years 1525 and 1857, when the last puppet emperor passed from a throne to a life-long exile, amid the throes of a convulsion which swept over the fairest parts of Hindostan. The work contains 272 pages, besides a preface of 18 pages filled with matter of the greatest interest, wherein the experience of over a quarter of a century is concisely recorded. It finishes with an alphabetical list of mints of the kings treated of, an index to the gold, silver, and copper coins of thirty-three kings, and a plate of mint marks on Mogul coins.

Although the work is not comparable, as regards costly illustration, with the Catalogues of the British Museum, yet, so far as the coins whereof it treats are concerned, it will be found to supplement and extend very largely our knowledge of that series. In gold coins (as is natural) the accumulated treasures of the British Museum far exceed the acquisitions of our author; but in silver and copper coins there are many rarities now made known for the first time. Take, for example, the first four Mogul emperors. Of Baber, the British Museum possesses 7 silver coins; of Humayun, 2 gold and 12 silver; of Akbar, 62 gold, 179 silver, and 39 copper; of Jehangir, 76 gold, 168 silver, and 2 copper. Total: gold, 140; silver, 366; and copper, 41. In the collection of Mr. Rodgers we find, of Baber, 32 silver and 6 copper coins; of Humayun, 2 gold, 22 silver, and 62 copper; of Akbar, gold, 13; 296 silver; and 284 copper; of Jehangir, 20 gold, 191 silver, 22 copper. Total: gold, 33; silver, 541; copper, 374. While, therefore, the British Museum possesses but 547 coins of the four above-named emperors, the collection recently acquired for the capital of the Panjab numbers 948 coins, and those collected by the energy of one man, fettered as he was by limited means and but scanty time to devote to his voluntary labours. In mint towns the richness of the Lahore collection is remarkable, some fifty mints of the above four Emperors being represented, while the British Museum can display only about thirty (Catalogue of 1892). Two conclusions

* Calcutta : printed by order of the Panjab Government.

are therefore forced on us, by the comparison of this Catalogue of the Lahore collection with that of the British Museum. Firstly, that the national collection is very deficient in coins which it should possess of our great dependency; and, secondly, in view of the active melting down of old coins now going on, that no time should be lost in taking steps to secure some of the fast vanishing numismatic records for the public collections of England, and certainly for those of India, to whose people we stand in a fiduciary position.

There are scientific surveys in plenty doing good work; but a Government numismatist, for bringing together the scattered threads of the dynastic history of India as recorded in its coins for 3000 years, has yet to be appointed. It is an appointment which is urgently called for, if the story of the Sibylline Books is not to be repeated before our eyes, and the appointment should be held by a gentleman unfettered with other pursuits.

In view of the financial poverty of the Indian Government, it might not be desirable to fix the salary of the above official at more than 500 or 600 rupees a month, with the usual travelling allowance, to enable him to visit all parts of the country; and a monthly allowance (which should be cumulative) to cover the purchase of valuable coins which may be found in the Bazars. Were this at once done, and Mr. Rodgers offered the appointment (which he has so long gratuitously to some extent supplied the want of), the reproach of indifference to the claims of a branch of investigation, which the Government alone can adequately deal with, would be wiped away, and some safeguard provided that the irreparable losses through past neglect should not continue in the future. With coins, as with the Fleece of Gold, it may equally be said

οὐδὲ τι καὶς
αὐτοῖς τοῖς δύσι τοῖς εἰδούσιοις.
(Apoll. Rhod. *Argonautica*, I. 870).
W. THEOBALD.

OBITUARY.

SIR A. HENRY LAYARD.

SIR HENRY LAYARD, the discoverer of Nineveh, died in London, on July 5, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

His father was a member of the Ceylon civil service (in which his brother also rose to distinction), and his grandfather was Dean of Bristol. The family, however, was of Huguenot origin, and Sir Henry was proud to be the first president of the Huguenot Society. He was born in Paris, and educated in Italy, which country he always regarded as a second home. When little more than twenty years of age, he set off on his travels to the East, the account of which is contained in his latest book—*Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylon*: including a residence among the Bakhtiari and other wild tribes before the discovery of Nineveh (1887). It was from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe that he received both encouragement and pecuniary means to excavate the site of Birs Nimrud, near Mosul, in 1845. His discovery of the famous Winged Bull arrested public attention to an extent that has been granted to no subsequent archaeologist. A second expedition, under the auspices of the Trustees of the British Museum, revealed the library of Sardanapalus. The results were published in two portfolios of 171 plates (1848-53), under the title of *Monuments of Nineveh*; and also in a succession of popular volumes. Oxford was the first to recognise his services to learning by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L. at the Commemoration of 1848; and seven years later he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

Layard now entered upon a fresh career as

Radical politician and Turcophile diplomatist, which it is not necessary to follow here. But we must not pass over his devotion to Italian art, which occupied the later years of his life. Since 1868 he has been one of the most active trustees of the National Gallery; and he had formed, in his palazzo at Venice, a choice collection of pictures of the schools of Northern Italy, under the guidance of his friend, the late Signor Morelli. In 1868, he wrote, for the Arundel Society, an account of the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, and of the painters Masolino, Masaccio, and Filippino Lippi. In 1887, when he was already seventy years of age, he undertook single-handed a revision of Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, in the light of the most recent discoveries; and yet more recently he wrote a preface to the English translation of Morelli's *Italian Painters*. All the books we have mentioned were published by the house of John Murray; and it is interesting to know that the very last literary work on which he was engaged was to describe the picture galleries for a new edition of Murray's *Handbook to Rome*.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear from Egypt that M. de Morgan's latest excavations at Saqqarah have been attended with the most unexpected success. He has discovered a buried fleet of the old Empire, with masts, sails, and rigging complete. One of the ships measures thirty-five metres in length.

M. NAVILLE, the president of the Oriental Congress to be held at Geneva during September, has arrived in England for a short visit. One of his objects is to see through the press a volume that he is preparing for the Egypt Exploration Fund.

WE are glad to learn that Lord Rosebery has made a grant of £200, from the Royal Bounty Fund, to the British School at Athens.

THERE is now open, at the Hanover Gallery, New Bond-street, an exhibition of the original pictures that have been reproduced in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

THE two following pictures were bought for the National Gallery at the Adrian Hope sale:—Gerrit Berkheyden, “A View in Haarlem”; Jan Steen, “A Scene on a Terrace, with Figures.”

THE Cambrian Archaeological Association have published (Charles J. Clark) a very well-written and well-illustrated pamphlet, describing the chief places of interest that will be visited next week in the course of their joint meeting with the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland. Lord Penrhyn is to deliver his inaugural address as president, at Penrhyn Castle, on the afternoon of Tuesday.

MR. DAVID NUTT is the publisher in this country of a book on *Scarabs*, by Mr. Isaac Myer, of New York. It deals with the history, manufacture, and religious symbolism of the scarabaeus in Ancient Egypt, Phoenicia, Sardinia, Etruria, &c.

A MEDAL has been struck by order of the Corporation in commemoration of the visit to Guildhall of the King and Queen of Denmark. On the obverse are busts of the King and Queen. On the reverse is displayed a figure representing the City of London, holding in her right hand the City's arms and in her left hand a standard, from the head of which flies a streamer bearing the word, “Welcome Christian IX. to London.” The arms of the King with the Danish royal crown, an impression of the casket in which the address was presented, and the date of his Majesty's visit (July 8, 1893) are also displayed in bold relief.

SIGNOR ULRICO HOEFLI, of Milan, has now ready for issue to subscribers the first part of the monumental facsimile edition of the Codex Atlanticus of Leonardo da Vinci, which he is publishing on behalf of the Accademia dei Lincei. The whole work will consist of about thirty-five parts, each containing forty heliotype plates, reproducing the drawings and text of this celebrated MS., together with a transcription of the text in the original orthography, and also a modernised form of it, made by Dr. Giovanni Piumati. Ultimately, there will be added a vocabulary, giving the meaning of obsolete words. The issue is limited to 280 copies, at the subscription price of £48; and it is not expected that the entire work will be completed before the end of the century. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the supreme importance of this MS., not only as an autobiographical document, but also for the history of science and art during the Renaissance. But it is a pleasure to draw attention to the admirable manner in which the facsimile has been executed, and to the superb character of the print and paper.

MUSIC.

OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

“FIDELIO” and “Der Freischütz” have been produced during the past week: the former on Saturday, the latter on Tuesday evening. Beethoven's work is now seldom heard; and with exception of a Royal College performance, it is ten years since Weber's masterpiece has been given. A few modern operas, such as “Faust,” “Carmen,” “Cavalleria,” attract the public, but in German operas Wagner now rules the stage. It is pretty safe to say that, without Weber and Beethoven, we should have had no “Meistersinger,” no “Tristan,” no “Ring”; but the public does not think about this: the latest development alone interests it. Drury Lane, it is true, was well filled on both evenings; but many had taken seats for the series of operas, and the audience certainly represented a special, not the general public. True admirers of Wagner hold in high respect and even affection the two works which stirred Wagner to still mightier deeds. And Wagner, by his art theories and his music-dramas, has actually revealed to us the greatness of “Fidelio” and “Freischütz.” He has shown us how Beethoven and Weber tried reformation, when only revolution was of any real use. We can now see how they fought against the fetters of opera, and we marvel at the results they achieved. There are many passages in their operas which fill us with astonishment; and if their composers could have profited by their struggles and experience, and recommended their life's labours, Wagner would have had two very powerful rivals. But the public does not reason, does not read between the lines: the old-fashioned forms spoil for them, to some extent, the very excellences of these early operas. And then, again, there is another reason why these works do not attract the public. The stories are not sensational enough for the present day: everything now must be highly spiced.

The performance of “Fidelio” on Saturday was on the whole satisfactory. Frau Klagsky was extremely fine as “Leonore,” and Herr Alvary acted well, but his voice again showed signs of fatigue: besides, the part is not well suited to him. Frl. Gelber was a good Marcelline, and Herr Wiegand a good Rocco. The “Leonore” Overture was played before the Finale of the second act; usually it is given between the first and second acts. From a dramatic point of view, the only proper place for it is at the beginning of the opera, as Beethoven originally intended. It was

played with much spirit under the direction of Herr Lohse.

On Tuesday Frau Klafsky was most successful in the rôle of Agathe. Frl. Elise Kutscherra sang well as Anuchen, but was somewhat fussy in her acting. Herr Alvary, as Max, was again out of order; but for that he deserves sympathy, and after his grand impersonations in "Walküre" and "Siegfried" much must be forgiven him. The parts of Kaspar, Kilian, and the Hermit were well rendered by Herr Wiegand, Mr. Bispham, and Herr Rodemund. Herr Lohse had his orchestra under good control.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. ANDREW BLACK gave a highly successful concert at St. James's Hall last Thursday week. He sang Henschel's fine Ballad "Jung Dieterich" with much vigour and intelligence: he has a fine voice, and knows how to use it. His second song was "Gia la Luna." Miss Ella Russell, Miss Esther Palliser, Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Hilda Wilson, MM. Ben Davies, Norman Salmond, Barton McGuckin, and many other well-known singers and instrumentalists added, by their performances, to the enjoyment of the afternoon. A special feature of the programme was the new, clever, and amusing dialogue by Leon Gozlan, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Guitry took part.

Another attractive concert was the one given by Mrs. Henschel on Friday afternoon in the same hall. The whole programme was devoted to the compositions of her husband, who himself sang and accompanied. Both artists were in excellent voice, and gave all possible satisfaction.

Mr. Henschel's music is justly admired: as a song composer he ranks high. He displays skill, feeling, and individuality, though, from time to time, he reveals his musical idols.

Mme. Adelina Patti sang at Messrs. Harrison's concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon. Of late it has been difficult to say anything new about this distinguished vocalist. But now she has taken to Wagner; and her pure and unaffected rendering of "Elizabeth's Prayer" from "Taunhäuser" achieved a wonderful and well-deserved success. Better late than never; and it is to be hoped that she will select other excerpts from Wagner's operas, and, possibly, one day impersonate one of the master's heroines. On the stage she would be sure to do full justice to herself, and would thus make *amende honorable* to the master whom—at any rate in public—she has so long neglected.

A matinée was given at Queen's Hall, on Monday, in aid of the *Sun* fund for the relief of the Achill Islanders. The actors, singers, and players who volunteered their services were legion; and at the head of the list was Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who, in the course of the past week, has already appeared twice at concerts given for charitable purposes. The hall was packed, the prodigious entertainment was a brilliant success, and the fund must have been considerably increased thereby.

M. Eduard Zeldenrust gave a pianoforte recital in the large Queen's Hall on Monday evening. His rendering of the Bach-Liszt Fantasia and Fugue in G minor showed that his technique was excellent. His reading of Schubert's Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3, was neat, though peculiar in the matter of *tempo*. Of Beethoven's Sonata in D minor the first movement was the best;

the Largo lacked true pathos, and the Allegretto was played in a spasmodic manner. Judging from the pianist's performance of his "Humoresque," he is more satisfactory as a virtuoso than as an exponent of the classical masters.

The third and last of the Wolff Musical Union concerts, after two unavoidable postponements, took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme opened with Rubinsteins's Quintet for piano, flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon (Op. 55), a work of unequal merit. The slow movement has a dignified theme, and it is, indeed, the best section of the work. The composer obtains from his instruments fine effects of colour. The performance, by MM. Diemer, Taffanel, Turban, Reine, and Letellier, was admirable. This was followed by a bright, clever suite for piano and flute (Op. 34) by M. Widor, which received full justice at the hands of MM. Diemer and Taffanel. The programme included Mozart's beautiful clarinet Trio, and Beethoven's seldom heard Serenade (Op. 25). M. Wolff may congratulate himself on the success of his first season. His programmes might be made more interesting; but in the matter of performances he has scored a success, and the artists who have appeared will receive a hearty welcome when they next pay us a visit.

Messrs. S. & P. Erard opened their new premises on Wednesday afternoon. There was a very large gathering of notabilities; and the comfortable concert hall was crammed to hear M. Paderevski, who played Beethoven's Sonata in C (Op. 53), some Chopin solos, and other pieces. He was, naturally, received with tremendous enthusiasm. This new hall—we should judge—seats about 500 persons, and for recital purposes will be found most convenient.

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